

THE
IDOL

O F

PARIS,

With what may be Expected, if ever the
High-Flying Party should Establish a Govern-
ment agreeable to that pernicious Doctrine of
Absolute Passive Obedience, &c.

Written by a Young LADY, now upon
her Departure for the *New Atalantis*.



Enter'd in the Hall-Book of the Company of Sta-
tioners, pursuant to Act of Parliament.

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(1)
T H E

Idol of Paris.

The ARGUMENT.

*Our Virgin, springing from a Flood
Of Godfrey's, and brave Russel's blood,
By Heaven inspir'd, is warn'd to shun
The Dangers which seem posting on ;
Embarks with a propitious Wind,
And leaves the Thames and all behind.
But whilst the Land is in her view
Sings what she dreads may soon ensue.*

SING, Mystick Muse, and with a fluent Strain
(Though Heav'n forbid such bloody Scenes again)
Tell *English* Free-born Protestants their doom,
What they must trust to from the Hands of *Rome*,
Whenever Arbitrary Power should Revive,
And Popish Principles be kept alive :
Ten Hundred Thousand Families, or more,
Must kiss their Mother Earth in Grimson Gore,
And *Albion's* Western Chalky Cliffs so high
Deluge themselves again in Scarlet Dye ;
Sicilian Tyrants from *Avernus* come,
And plague the Land with Apish Priests from *Rome* ;
Hybernian's Massacre commence again,
And Forty Thousand Innocents be slain ;
Parisian Butcheries with Horror rage,
And bloody Persecution mount the Stage ;

The *Tweed* and *Solway*, rapid like a Flood,
 Swell their exub'rant Banks again with Blood:
Brittania Swooning, mourn again her Birth,
 And lay her Sacred Tresses on the Earth.
 Whilst Rogues, and Bullying Priests of *Romish* Dye,
 Ravish the Lady of her Native Liberty:
 Such, free born Protestants, must be your Fate
 When absolute *Non-Resistance* takes its Date;
 When once you stoop unto a Tyrant's threat,
 And sacrifice your Conscience at his Feet——

But stay, my Muse, Heav'n will such Storms rescind,
 And, as in former Reigns, be *Brittain's* Friend;
 Perfect that Union which the Priest explodes,
 And keep out *Rome*, and all her Wooden Gods.
 Say, Muse, how came this passive Monster in,
 The Grand Epitome of the whole Mass of Sin,
 This Conscience-binding Tyrant, that's its Name;
 Say freely in this Reign from whence it came.

There was a Time, when Nature first began,
 When Nature's Principal created Man;
 'Twas done, the Mighty *FIAT* stamp'd the Birth,
 And all in Order mov'd through Heav'n and Earth;
 Yet by strange Magnetisms mov'd, we find
 Quite different are the Species of Mankind.
 Nature at first grew big, and then brought forth
 An Universal Freedom at a Birth;
 And from the highest Zenith hither came,
 To bless Mankind, and Peace on Earth proclaim;
 Till Hell's Apostate Prince with Pride began,
 (As he had Heav'n) to disunite the Man;
 With glaring Eyes an eager Look he threw
 Around this Space, if possible, to view
 A Carcass'd Soul, by *GOD* (like him) forsook,
 That might impose on Liberty a Slavish Yoke.

So said, the Wretch was found; and ever since
GOD's Curse has plagu'd the World with such a Prince.
 Strange Mystery again! That Reason's Self
 Should split and Shipwreck on this dangerous Shelf;
 Unthinki

Inthinking Animals, like *Indians* wild,
 Adore th'Unruly, and Contemn the Mild;
 By Bugbears frighten'd, and by Phantasms led,
 Help to innūmerate the Passive Dead;
 So that the Brazen Image may be fear'd,
 And *Man*, not *G O D*, by all their Tribe rever'd.

Thus once in *Paris*, where the Tyrant Reigns,
 And with his Subjects Blood his Sceptre Stains;
 The *Priests* (though having many Gods before)
 Resolve to load the People with *One more* :
 Proclaim their King *Immortal*, and as soon
 As they avow it, 'tis decreed and done :
 Of Brass the Statue's made, and plain to fight
 In Letters Capital these Words they Write.

BEHOLD THE IMMORTAL MAN!

Tis view'd and worshipp'd, 'till at length came by
 A harmless mirthful Friend to Liberty,
 Urg'd with an innate Zeal he shook his Head,
 And spelt the *Blasphemy* with awful Dread ;
 Look'd round and saw the Idol left alone,
 Senseless and stupid as its Pyramid of Stone ;
 Then hastily writ thus——

*Behold the MORTAL IDOL made of Brass,
 Th'Original with FIST' L A in his A——e ;
 Is this the Bourbon Brat ? Is this the Thing
 Which Passive Brutes term an Immortal King ?*

So once *Salmones*, from his Reason led,
 Would shew, like *Jupiter*, a Godlike Dread ;
 And that this Mystery might come to pass,
 Over his City built a Bridge of Brass ;
 The Populace, with a wild Aspect, view
 What Heav'nly Project he's about to do ;
 When, in an instant, to compleat the Wonder,
 Over the Bridge his Waggon drove like Thunder :
 Now he's a God, the People prostrate lye,
 As such they Worship his Divinity.
 No sooner had the Sound to Heav'n aspir'd,
 But *Jupiter*, with Sacred Rage inspir'd,

Hurl'd

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Hurl'd from his Fist, where awful Thunders dwell,
A Bolt, which strook the *mimick God* to Hell.

So, *Lewis*, posts thy Destiny apace,——

——Here strook a Dash, designing more to say,
Had not a Priest appear'd ; — So ran away.

One of the Passive Tribe, that thither came,
To Bless the *Brazen Image*, and Revere the same.

But yet for all this Talk, the Case is plain,
We freedom Love, yet Knavish Priests maintain ;
Priests who can Talk, and Threaten hard, 'tis true,
Speak Wonders, when they nothing else can do ;
And like to *Lefty's* Faction, vainly strive
To keep their passive Principles alive.

Such are thy Foes Great *Brittain*, such the Crew
Which do thy Native Liberty pursue ;
Who, thro' Pretence of giving *Caesar* Right,
Rob Thee and *Caesar* too, in Heaven's Sight ;
To bind thy Conscience, would use Fire and Flame ;
Bell and the *Dragon's* Priests were just the same.

But, say my Muse, what follows next of course ;
See the Priest-ridden Ass, that bears the Curse ;
Supports the Idol in its pompous Show,
And Worships passively the LORD knows who ;
That fills the Populace all Day with Fear,
And Swears the Church in Danger, when there is none near.
What Stupefaction does attend this Beast ?
What mystick Juggle does invade his Breast,
That he should Stoop. Crouch down, and Lick the Dust,
Take on his Back a Tyrant Prince on Trust,
Or else a Bawney Priest, at his Desire,
And let them Spur and Ride him thro' the Mire ?
All Foppish Slav'ry ! Not by Heav'n design'd ;
By Cheats invented to Deceive Mankind :
Monsters, not Men, are such insipid Souls,
Who wo'nt be led by Native Freedom's Rules,
Freedom, that in this Reign, runs thro' the Land,
As GOD Decreed. [And GOD's Decree will firmly stand.]

Tell me, ye mystick Pow'rs ! What secret Art
Can, by a piece of Railery, change the Heart ?

Hence-

What PEACE and UNION can our Breasts possess,
 When Pulpit-Preachers, 'gainst the same profess ?
 What sweet, harmonious Days can bless this Isle,
 When Priests, to sow Sedition, Daily Toil ?
 What Love to Neighbours can triumphant Ride,
 When Priests are pleas'd to throw *that Law* aside ?
 When Priests presume to Curse the Conscious Mouth;
 That Worships from it's Heart, the GOD of Truth ?
 When well-fed Priests, are pleas'd to be Uncivil,
 And Damn their *Benefactors* to the Devil ?
 What Charity to one another's found,
 When red-hot Persecution does abound,
 And *State-machines*, must like the passive Priest turn round }
 The Priest, who, from St. Peter's drawing's Sword,
 Thro' Zeal, to Vindicate his blessed LORD,
 This Inference might raise ; That Heav'n Decries
 A Heart that's forc'd to Offer Sacrifice.
 To spread the Gospel, is the Preacher's Place,
 Which is, *Glad Tidings from the Throne of Grace* ;
 To turn the Hearts of Sinners from their Sin,
 And show the dang'rous Roads they're running in ;
 To Save dejected Ones thro' fervent Pray'r,
 And Souls, by Satan plung'd in deep Despair ;
 T'instruct the Ignorant, and tender Youth,
 In all the Principles of Christian Truth.
 Such are the Preacher's *Topicks*, which the Word
 Of the Eternal Being does Record :
 No *State-Affairs* do fall unto his share ;
 But only Souls, the Love of Souls his Care.
 Vertue and Piety must Crown the Priest,
 Or else his Pulpit-Labour's but a Jest,
 There's the true Faith, where Charity's the Test.

Hail then; you Free-born *Brittains*, Hail again;
 And Hail, once more, you *Revolution-Men* ;
 Be bless'd in ANNA's Reign, that does Secure
 What Mighty WILLIAM gain'd for you before ;
 Value those Blessings as from Heaven sent,
acted they will remain as Heav'n, and permanent.

Thus

Thus sung the Virgin as she Sail'd along,
 With Grief Opprest, and with a fault'ring Tongue,
 With Hair dishevel'd, and a ghastful Face,
 She farther Launch'd in Neptune's cold Embrace,
 Till her bright Eyes the happy Prospect lost,
 Of her belov'd *Britannick* Native Coast,
 When finding both mast part, the Heav'nly Maid,
 Prostrate upon the Poop fell down, and Pray'd.

O Thou immortal God, exert thy Power,
 To keep from *Popish* Rage yon distant Shore;
 Thou, who didst once, in fam'd *Eliz's* Reign,
 Baffle the Pow'r and haughty pride of *Spain*,
 Thou who in later Reigns hast been so good,
 To save thy People out of Fire and Blood,
 Who sent Great *William* to Defend their Cause,
 And give to Free-born *Englishmen* their Laws,
 O now look down, and cast thy piercing Eye
 Thro' the most secret piece of Villany,
 Search thou the Heart; and once more let thy Arm
 Defend *Brittania* from approaching Harm.
 Keep mod'rate *ANNA* in thy peaceful Breast,
 And bless her Reign with an Harmonious Rest;
 Be thou the Church of *England's* chiefest Care,
 And all that truly Scrupulous of Conscience are,
 Keep the *Pretender* out, and when, tho' late,
 Thou Crown'st thy darling Queen, with endless State
Hannover bring in, and let him prove to be
 Like Her, a true Support of *English* Liberty.
 Calm thou the People's Rage, and let no more
 That Nation be subject to Foreign Pow'r,
 Nor Foreign Laws, nor Laws Despotick made,
 Nor Pop'ry in a specious Masquerade.
 Oh, now for Pity Look; now, now's the Hour,
 If thou seest fit, Great GOD, to manifest thy Pow'r

So Sung, the Cel'rous Bark lost sight of Shore,
 The Virgin-Passenger by Heaven blest'd,
 Delug'd herself with Tears of Grief no more,
 But wip'd her Eyes, and laid her down to Rest.

F I N I S.

